

THE ALIENS. By Booth Tarkington



Pletro Tobigil, that gay young chesthye vender he of the radiant smileshave forth, in his warm tenor his own terpretation of "Ach du lieber Augustine" whenever Bertha, tosy waitress in the little German restaurant, showed her face at the door. For a month it had been a courtship; and the merchant sang often:

"Ahaha du libra Ogostine, Ogostine, Ogostine! Ahaha, du libra Ogostine, Necs coma ross.

The acquaintance, begun by the song and Pietro's wonderful laugh, had grown tender. The chestnut vender had a way with him; he looked like the "Neopolitan Fisher Lad," of the chromos, and you could have fancied him of two centuries ago, putting a rose in his han; even as it was, he had the earrings. But the smile of him it was that won Bertha, when she came to work in the little restaurant, It was a smile that put the world at its ease; it proclaimed the coming of morning over the meadows, and, taking every bystander into an April friendship, ran on suddenly into a laugh that was like silver and like a strange puppy's claiming you for the lost master

So it befell that Bertha was fascinated; that, blushing, she laughed back to him, and was nothing effended when, at his first sight of her, he rippled out at once into "Ahaha, du libra Ogostine." Within two weeks he was closing his business (no intricate matter) every evening to walk home with her, through the September moonlight. Then extraordinary things happened to the English language. "I ain'd nefer can like no foreigner," she often joked back to a question of his. "Nefer, nefer! You t'link I'm takin' up mit a hant-orkan maan, Mister

Whereupon he would carol out the tender taunt, "Ahaha, du libra Ogos-

"Yoost a hant-orkan maan!"

"No! No! No organ! I am a greatagreata merchant. Vote a Republican! Polititshian! Tobigil, Chititzen Re-publican. Naturalasize! March in a

Never lived native American prouder of his citizenship than this adopted one. Had he not voted at the election? Was he not a member of the great Republican party? He had eagerly joined it, for the reason that he had been a Republican in Italy, and he had drawn with him to the polls his second cousin. Leo Vesschi, and the five other Italians with whom he lived. For this he had been rewarded by Pixley, his precinct committeeman, who allowed him to car-

nut! Banan'! Make some-a-time four-dollars a day! 'Tis a greata countra! Bimaby git a store! Ride a buggy! Smoke a cigar! You play piano! Vote

a Republican!" Tis true"

she said tearfully; "Toby, You volk hart, und safe your money?"
"You help?" he whispered.
"I help—YOU!" she cried loudly.
Then, with a sudden fit of sobbing, she flung open the gate and ran at the top

of her speed into the house. Halcyon the days for Pietro Tobigli. extravagant the jocularity of this be-trothed one. And, as his happiness, so did his prosperity increase: the little chestnut furnace become the smallest adjunct of his affairs; for he leaped (almost at one bound) to the proprietorship of a wooden stand, shaped like the crate of an upright plano and backed up against the brick wall of the restaurant. taurant-a mercantile house which was closed at night by putting the lid on. All day long Toby's smile arrested pedestrians, and compelled them to buy of him, making his wares sweeter in the Bertha dwelt in a perpetual

serenade; on warm days when the res-taurant doors were open, she could hear him singing, not always "Ogostine," but festal lilts of Italy, liquid and strangely sweet to her; and at such times, when the actual voice was not in her ears, still she blushed with de-light to hear in her heart the thrilling echoes of his barcarolles, and found hem humming cheerily upon her own

Toby was to save \$500 before they seen a more alluring merchant. man persistence, and on Christmas day for a coral pin, was a pair of rubber boots filled with little cakes.

Pietro Tobigli, though, apparently, he abode in a horrible slum cellar with buy Leo Vesschi and the five Latti brothers.

In this place our purveyor of sweetmeats was the only light. Thither he had carried his songs and his laugh and his furnace when he came from Italy to join Vesschi; and there he remained, ner for an hour before the head of the latting the following the latting that the latting the latting that the latting the latting that the latting th partly out of loyalty to his unprosper-ous comrades and partly because his share of the expenses was only 25 cents fireworks, red fire, tumultuous citizens, a week, and every saving was a saving for Bertha. Every evening on the homeward walk the affianced pair homeward walk the affianced pair passed the hideous stairway that led down to the cellar, and Bertha, neat soul, never failed to shudder at it. She siasm, as is our national custom.

Then the eager eyes found their the course for there, in the last line of

'Ahaha! Libra Ogostine, som-a-time

esa greata-great sooraprise."
To this uncomfortable chamber re paired one March evening Mr. Frank Pixley, Republican precinct committeeman. He was a pock-pitted, damp-looking, soiled little fungus of a man, who had attained to his office because in the dirtiest precinct of the wickedest ward in the city ne mad. through the operation of a befitting ingenuity, friends at the apartment one evening claimed the pushing wantes the evening, with tears of laughter at the remembrance.

"That's right in gineral. I She was as happy as her lover, extends that night in gineral. I she was as happy as her lover, extends that night in gineral. I she was as happy as her lover, extends that night in gineral. est ward in the city he had, through



When the Restaurant Doors Were Open She Could Hear Him Singing.

how you be keg. "I jest dropped in to see how you be keg. "I jest dropped in to see how you be keg." I jest dropped in to see how you be keg. "I jest dropped in to see how you be keg." I jest dropped in to see how you got here." I jest two men by theirselves kin clearly to the other side of his burnt-out thought I'd look in and leave this bottler of gin fer ye with my compliments. I'll be around ag'in some evenin', and I reckon before 'lection day comes there may be somep'n doin'—I might have better fer ye than a bottle. Keep your reckon I kin turn a little trick here in the restaurant and told her, that out in the new post house, that other song the morning?"

"Can't you git 'em out of town in the morning?"

"Can't you git 'em out of town in the morning?"

"Can't you git 'em out of town in the morning?"

"D'you reckon I ain't tried that? No. sir! That Dago wouldn't take a pass to heaven! Everything else is all right. Mike, I don't like to brag, and I ain't around throwin' no bokays at my suff around throwin' no bokays at my salf as a reg'lar thing, but I want to say right here, there ain't another man in this city—no, nor the state neither—that could of worked his precinck better for ye than a bottle. Keep your even me, boys, an' foller the leader."

You kin het I see that'll do you some good. You kin het I see that'll do you some good. That's me." He placed a dingy bottle on the keg. "I jest dropped in to see eye on me, boys, an' foller the leader. That's the idea. So long!

"Yote a Republican!" Pietro shouted after him gayly.
Pixley turned.
"Jest foller yer leader," he rejoined.
"That's the way to learn politics, boys."

When the full heat of summer came Pietro laughed at the dog-days; and it was Bertha's lot to suffer in the hot little restaurant; but she smiled and waved to Pietro, so that he should not Also she made him sell iced lemonade and birch beer. Never have you married, a great sum, but they were patient, and both worked very hard. that flashing smile, the owner of it a she saved her own money with Gerthat flashing smile, the owner of it a tip-toe to serve you; and Pietro managed, too, by a light jog to the table on which stood his big bedewed, earthen jars that you became aware, of the manager tomorrow; and I'll show you how. I don't claim no her present to her betrothed, in return on which stood his big bedewed, earthor a coral pin, was a pair of rubber en jars that you became aware of the cots filled with little cakes.

Elysium was the dwelling place of mur—what mortal could deny the inward call and pass without stopping to

ner for an hour before the head of the procession appeared. On they came, Pietro's party, 3.000 strong—brass bands, carriages, policemen, boys, dogs, bicy-cles—the procession doing all the cheer-

for he feared it might distress her, nor oleasure for there, in the last line of puld she ever persuade him to tell her Pixley's Pirates, the very tail of the procession, danced Pietro Tobigli, wayg his pink torch at her, proud, happy, you see that gran' palazzo where I leef. triumphant, a true Republican, believing all company equal in the republic and the rear rank as good as the first.

"Vote a Republican!" he shouted.
"Republican—Republican eternal!!" Strangely enough, a like fervid pro-testation (vociferated in greeting) sweetheart round the waist and tried

of wires, invisible to all except manip- should say. Cert'nly, in gineral, I ain't cept for two small worries that she had:

black as a seat for the guiest.

With him to this pollabilist second committeeman, who allowed him to carry pink torches in three night process.

The politician responded to Toby's extravasantly rirednyl augister with the more in politigs," said Borths.

The politician responded to Toby's extravasantly rirednyl augister with the same process allows.

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That could of worked his precinck bettle trick here that'll do you some good. You kin bet I see that the men I pick fer my leaders—like you, Pete—git their rights! Now, here; there's you and the other six, that's seven; it'll be \$3 in gether?"

put up the price all round on them people. Look here, you swing them six in line and march 'em up, and all of ye stamp the rooster instead of the eagle

good Republican! Stamp that eagle! Hoor-r-ra! Republican eternal!"

Pixley was left sitting on the barrel, looking after the light figure of the looking after the light figure of the "Yes." young man joyously tripping back to the cellar and turning to wave a hand in farewell from the street. "Well, I am damned!" th

remarked, with unwitting veracity.
"Did the dern dago bluff me: does he
want more, er did he reely didn't understand fer honest?" Then, "I'll git
those seven votes, though, some way. those seven votes, though, some way. take it, and it is allowed plumo as good I'm out fer a record this time, and I'll as ever ag'in. He's up and around the house helpin' nurse the sick ones, and git 'em!'

found a clean, tidy, furnished room, with a canary bird thrown in, and Toby evoked no reciprocal enthusiasm in the breast of Mr. Pixley when the committeeman called upon Toby and his friends at their apartment one evening claimed the blushing waitress that evening."

Out of the back winder of

are ye? All here? That's good; that's the stuff! Good work!"

Only Toby replied with more than an indifferent grunt; but he ran forward, earrying an empty beer keg, which he placed as a seat for the guest.

"Ahana, Meesa Peeslay! Make a parade? Torchlight? Banda play ta ra, la la la? Firework? Fizz! Boum!

Eh?"

The politician response of the the merchant, with an entirely blank mind.

"There's one thing it ain't," replied the other, in the same confidential tone.

"It ain't no two-by-four campaign. All I got to say to you boys is, 'Foller yer leader,' and you'll wear pearl collar buttons!"

"Vote a Republican!" interjected Leo Vesschi, gutturally.

"Wote a Republican!" interjected Lying upon Pietro's heart day and night.

whichever way you go, you want to follow your precinct committeeman—that's me."

"Yes! Vote a Republican."

"Yes! Vote a Republican."

"Yes! Vote a Republican."

"Your a Republican."

"See here."

"In read everybody bad. This is a one to be found at a stand of any sort she stopped and made a purchase and asked for some word of Toby—with the your a saked for some word of Toby—with the your and that it was throwed, even if they don't git on that it was throwed, even if your committee way to seek for him.

One day when Bertha opened the door of the timy room the landlady's give my word that they'll git a major-timy for they don't stay they and it want to throw it good! I couldn't you come along. Feel like going?"

"Certumalee," answered Toby with a furtive and it want to throw it good! I couldn't you come along. Feel like going?"

"Certumalee," answered Toby with a furtive and it want they don't git of the policeman deferentially.

"Throwin' the precinct to make a sproached Italian about hat want to be found at a stand of any stream of the fou

"Have you give the Dagoes up antoother six, that's seven; it'll be \$3 in
your pocket if you deliver the goods."
"No! no!" said Pietro in earnest protestation. "We seven a good Republican. We vote a Republican same last
time, all a time. Eet eesa not a need
to pay us to vote a Republican. You
save that a money. Meèse Peasley."
"You don't understand," groaned Pixley, with an inclination to weep over
the foreigner's thickheadedness. "There
e is a chance fer a big deal here for all
the boys in the precinck. Gil Maxim's
backers'll pay gib fer votes enough to
swing it. Now here, you see here"—he

"Till be dogged if I see how," said the
swing it. Now here, you see here"—he
other's xou deliver the goods.
"No, by —!" cried the committeeman,
harshiy, bringing his d'rty fist down on
harshiy, bringing his d'r

"I'll show you how. I don't claim no credit for the idea, but I'd like fer somebody to jest show me any other man in this city would have thought it out! Now, you look Tere; you see that

higger shanty over there, with the smallpox lanterns outside?" The policeman shivered slightly. "Yes." "Look here: they're rebuildin' the pesthouse, ain't they?"

"Yes."

"Leavin smallpox patients in their over 400 business houses in Salt Lake own holes under quarantine guard till alone use my system.

"You know how many niggers in that shack?" "Four, ain't they?"

"Yessir, four of 'em. One died to-night, another's goin' to, another ain't tellin' which way he's goin' yit, and the last one, Joe Cribbins, was the first to take it, and he's almost plumb as good Bertha went with her fiance to select fit fer hard labor. Now, look here: the home that was to be theirs. They that nigger does what I tell him and he does it quick. See? Well, he knows what I want him to do tonight. So does Charley Gruder, the guard over there. Charley's fixed; I seen to that; and know's he am't goin' to lose no job fer the nigger's gittin' out of the back win-

"What!" exclaimed the policeman From such an office, manned by a Pixley, there leads an upward ramification guidly. "That's right," he responded, lanremembrance.

She was as happy as her lover, exthat nigger out!"

"Ain't he? Oh, you needn't worry, he ain't goin' fur! All he's waiting fer is fer you to give the signal." The man in the helmet drew

"Yessir, you! You walk out there and louinge up toward the drug store and Jest look over to Charley and nod twice. Then you stand on the corner and watch and see what you see. When you see it, you yell fer Charley and git into the drug store, telephone, and call up the health office and git the r men up here and into that Dago cellar like hell! The nigger'll be there. They don't know him, and he'll just drop in to try and sell the Dagoes some policy tickets. You understand me?"

"By all that's mighty. Pixley," said the policeman, with an admiration that was almost reverence, "you are

"Meln Gott!" screeched Bertha's uncle snapping his teeth dereely on his pipe-stem, as he flung open the door of the girl's room. "You want to disgrace me mit der whole neighbourhoot. 'Lec-tion Night? Quid ut! Steb ut! Beoples in der streed stant owidside und litzen to dod greine."

to dod grying."

But Bertha, an undistinguishable heap on the floor of the unit room, only gasped brokenly for breath and

wept on.

"Ach, ach, ach, lieber Gott in Himmel!" sobbed Bertha. "Why didn't Toby come for me? Ach, ach! What iss happened mit Toby? Somedings iss happened—I know ut!"

"Ya, ya!" jibed Gratz: "Somedings iss happened, I bet you! Brob'ly he's got anoder vife, dod's yot happened!

Brob'ly leffing ad you mit anoder voo-mans! Vot for did he nefer tolt you vere helif? So you vouldn't ketch him; dod's der reason! You're a pooty should say. Cert'nly, in gineral, I ain't got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it got no quarrel with no man's Republicanism. But this here's kind of a putching it with whom she lived that her uncle. why he dittn't come to marry you, you grazy—ut's a voomans!"
"No, no!" screamed Bertha, stopping her ears with her forefingers.

'Lles, lies, lies!" Bertha went to live in the tiny

beckoned him into the darkness of an done is to keep 'em away from the alleyway, and, noiselessly upsetting a polic."

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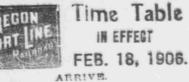
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